



神

西岡兄妹

神の子供

西岡兄妹

太田出版



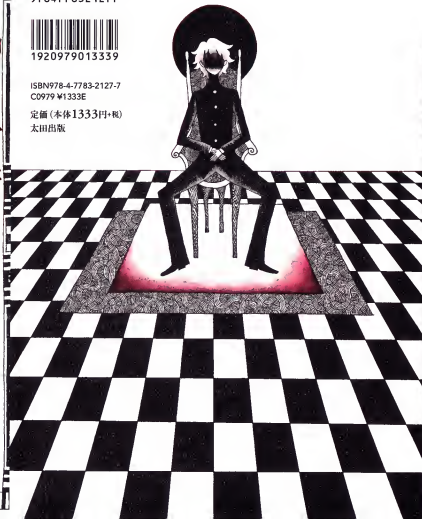
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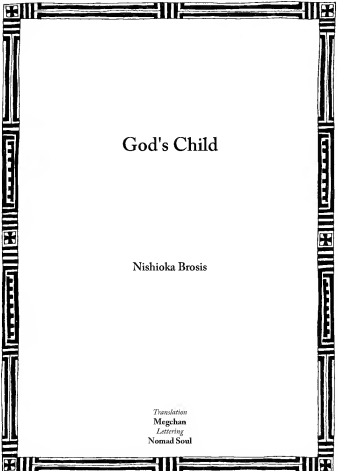
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God's Child

Nishioka Brosis

Translation
Megchan
Lettering
Nomad Soul

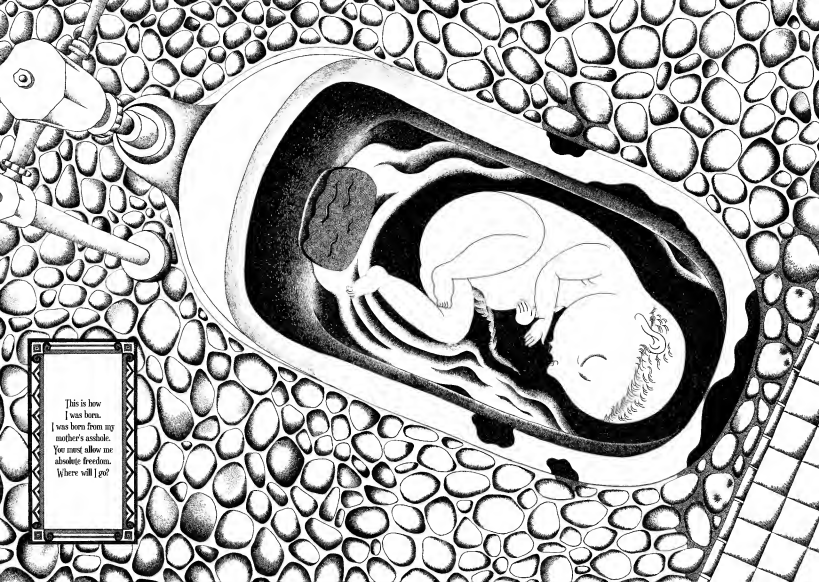
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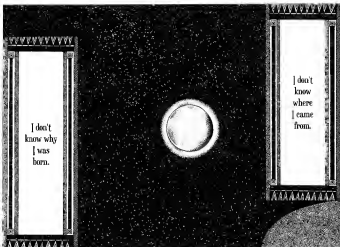


Chapter 1

Child
of a
Black
Sun

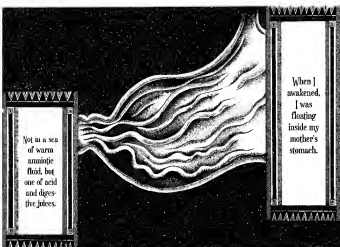


This is how
I was born.
I was born from my
mother's asshole.
You must allow me
absolute freedom.
Where will I go?



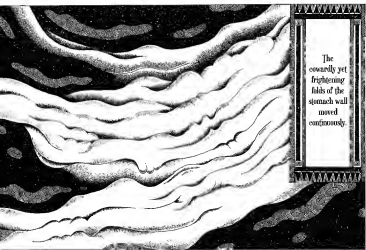
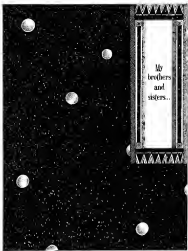
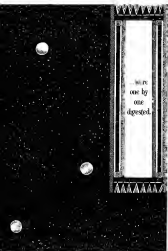
I don't
know why
I was
born.

I don't
know
where
I came
from.



Not in a sea
of warm
amniotic
fluid, but
one of acid
and diges-
tive juices.

When I
awakened,
I was
floating
inside my
mother's
stomach.



I thought
I would be
digested,
too.

I was
afraid.

...until
the day
I was
born.

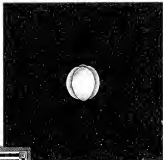
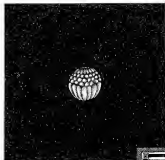
And it was
the only
emotion
I felt...

That was
the first
emotion
I felt.

It became
my skin
and pro-
tected me.

...and
covered
myself
in my
mother's
mucus
mem-
brane.

I im-
planted
myself
on the
stomach
lining...

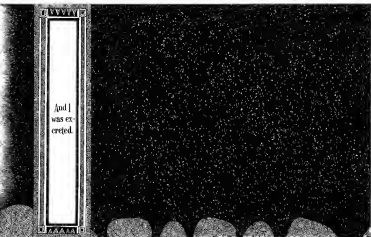


I waited in
fear in my
mother's
stomach for
the time to
come.





And
then
the
time
came
for me
to be
born.



A black and white illustration depicting a baby in a birthing canal. The baby is positioned vertically, with its head at the bottom and its feet at the top. The baby's head is tilted back, and its arms are raised. The birthing canal is shown as a dark, tunnel-like structure with wavy, fleshy walls. Above the baby, a large, rounded structure, likely the cervix or vagina, is visible. The entire scene is set against a background of a textured, pebbled surface. A vertical rectangular frame on the right side contains the text "This is how I was born." Below the frame is a decorative horizontal line with a repeating pattern. At the very bottom of the image, there is a horizontal band with a repeating pattern of dark and light shapes.

This is
how
I was
born.

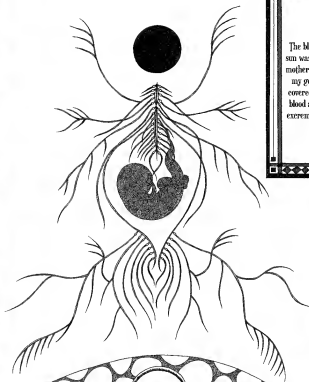


A black
sun filled
my hazy
vision.

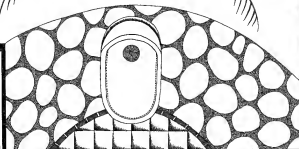
Its light
shone
down on
me.

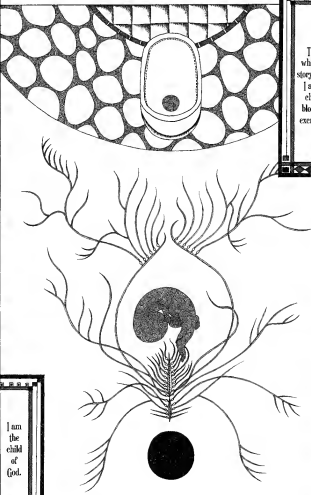


The black
sun was my
mother and
my god,
covered in
blood and
excrement.



It
was the
god of
revenge.

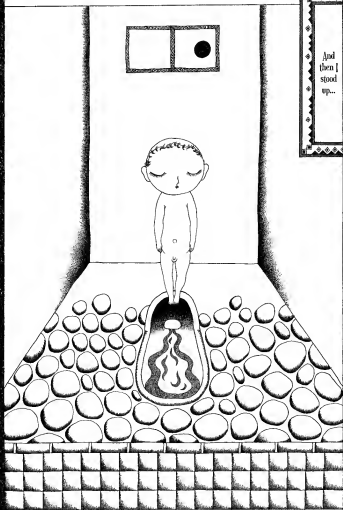




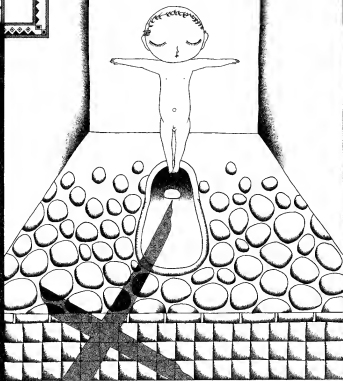
This is
where my
story begins.
I am the
child of
blood and
excrement.

I am
the
child
of
God.

And
then I
stood
up...



...and
began
my
life.





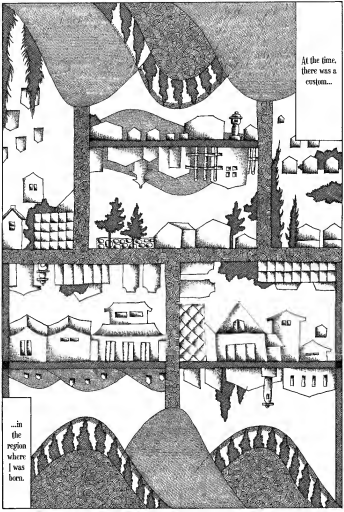
The illustration features a large, minimalist face with wide, almond-shaped eyes, a thin nose, and a small, dark mouth. The hair is depicted as a series of curved, flame-like or leaf-like shapes on either side of the forehead. A rectangular frame, resembling a window or a mirror, is positioned on the forehead. Inside this frame, the text "To get revenge on the world." is written. The entire composition is enclosed within a decorative border with a repeating zigzag pattern.

To get
revenge
on the
world.



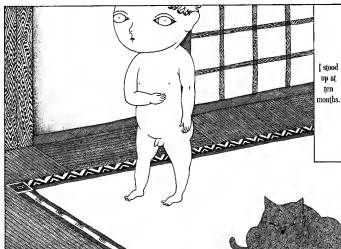
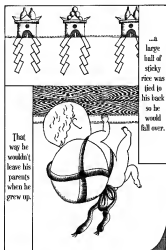
Chapter 2

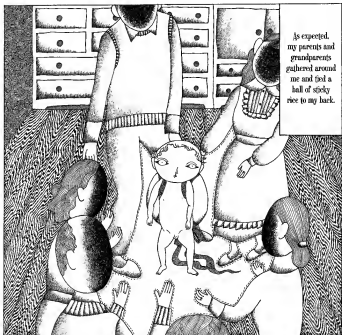
Child-
hood



At the time,
there was a
custom...

...in
the
region
where
I was
born.





As expected,
my parents and
grandparents
gathered around
me and fed a
bowl of sticky
rice to my back.



But I
didn't
fall
down.



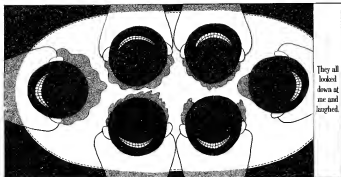
I don't
know
who...



I fell
over
on my
back.



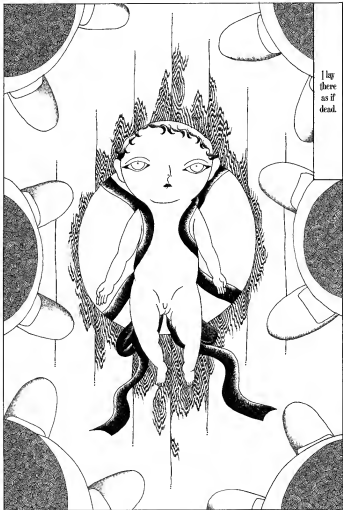
...but
someone
pushed
my
shoulder.

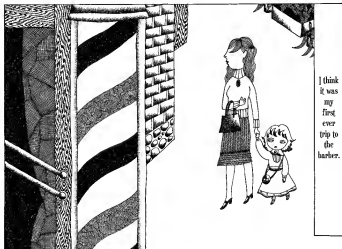


They all
looked
down at
me and
laughed.

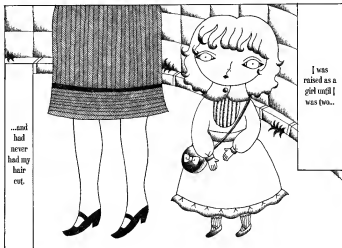


I lay
there
as if
dead.



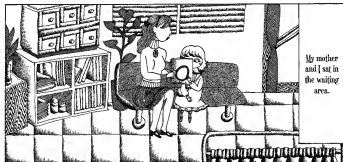


I think
it was
my
first
ever
trip to
the
harbor.

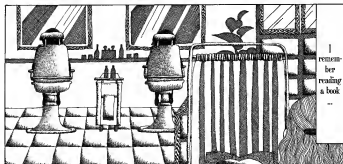


I was
raised as a
girl until I
was two...

...and
had
never
had my
hair
cut.



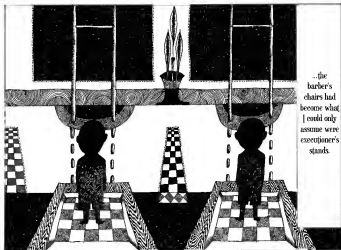
My mother
and I sat in
the writing
area.



I remem-
ber
reading
a book
...



...and
when I
glanced
up...



...the
barber's
chairs had
become what
I could only
assume were
executioner's
stands.



One by
one, boys
climbed
onto the
plat-
forms...

...and
melted
away to
nothing-
ness.

It
seemed
some-
how
familiar.



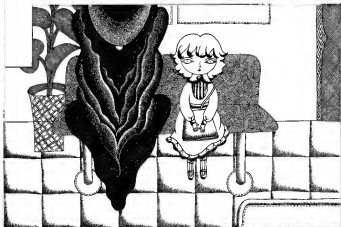


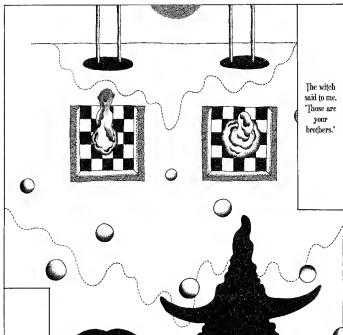
I looked
at my
mother.



But in
her
place...

...was
an old
witch.





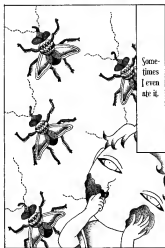
"You are
the only
survivor
out of
countless
children
who have
died."



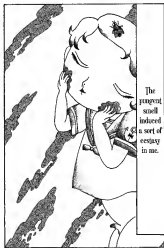


I shot
wherever I
wished and
painted the
walls with it.

I developed
a habit of
playing with
my feces.
My parents
failed to
toilet-train
me.



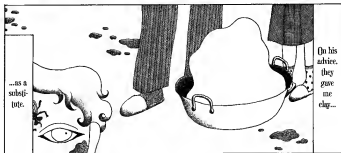
Some-
times
I even
ate it.



The
pungent
smell
induced
a sort of
ecstasy
in me.

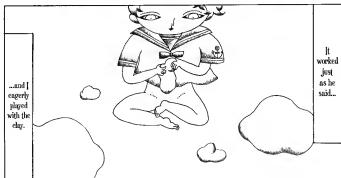


Unable to take it anymore, my parents consulted a doctor.



...as a substitute.

On his advice, they gave me clay...

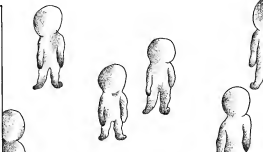


...and I eagerly played with the clay.

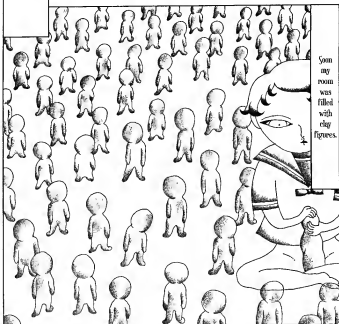
It worked just as he said...

...and instead I spent day after day making clay figures as if possessed.

My obsession with faces waned...



Soon my room was filled with clay figures.

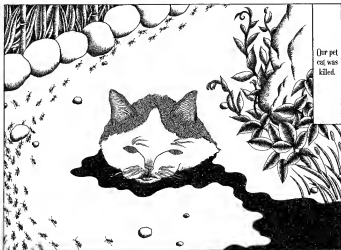




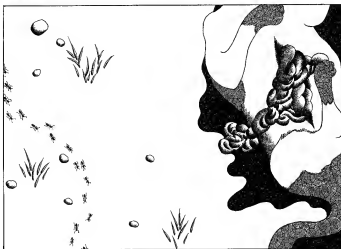
One day
I took all
the clay
figures
and
smashed
every last
one.

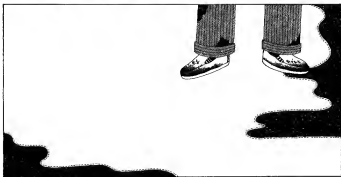
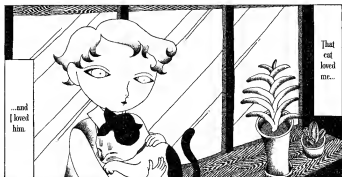


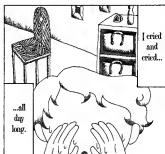
That
was my
first
atrocity.



Our pet
cat was
killed.



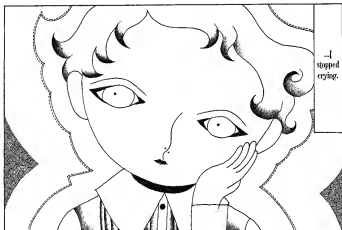






And
when I
myself
—

...could no
longer
believe I
killed the
cat...



—I
stopped
crying.

That
was the
year
before I
started
elemen-
tary
school.





Chapter 3

First
Love

My parents put me in
a group for children
who were emotionally
disturbed, as well as
those with personality
problems and mental
disabilities.

This
was
when I
started elementary
school.

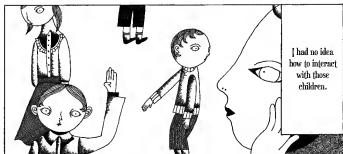
But it
was a
waste
of time.

They must
have sensed
something off
about me.

And of
course I
was not
mentally
disabled.

By that time I had
already rejected
things such as
"emotions" and
"personality" as
unnecessary
to my life.





I had no idea
how to interact
with those
children.



...and
ate
their
soot.



...and
some of
them
picked
their
noses...



Most of
them
drooled
...



I did
everything
possible
to avoid
touching
them.



...but I was labeled "uncooperative" and it was taken as a possible sign of autism.

I think it was a perfectly normal reaction ...



...so I tried my best to build good relationships with the adults.

...so he sent to a hospital or institution...



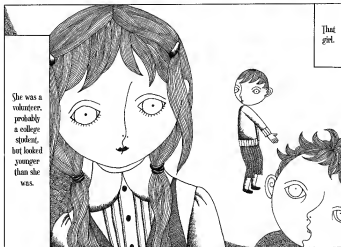
I didn't want...







There was only one thing that made those miserable hours bearable.



She was a volunteer, probably a college student, but looked younger than she was.

That girl.

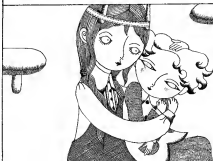


...she
always
played
with
me.

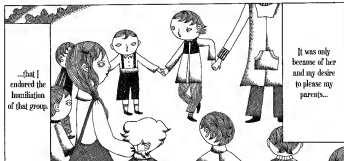


Noticing
that I
didn't like
to play
with the
other
children...

I didn't
understand
"fun," but I
think that
must have
been "pleas-
urable."



I liked
cuddling
with her.



...that I
endured the
humiliation
of that group.

It was only
because of her
and my desire
to please my
parents...



One day I was
watching the
other children as
I usually did...



...and I
suddenly
noticed
the girl
wasn't
there.



I
looked
all
over.

I even
went
into
the
woods.



...and
searched.

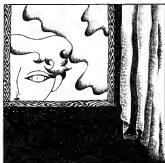


I
searched
—



There was a small cabin deep in the woods.

I heard her scream.

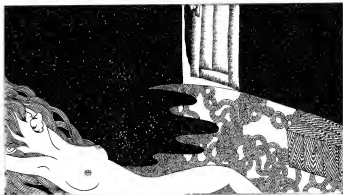
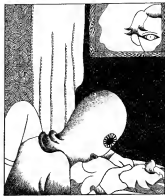


I peered in the window of the cabin.



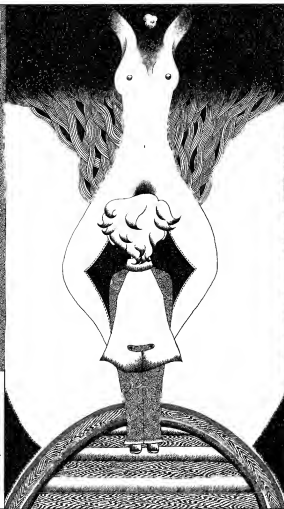


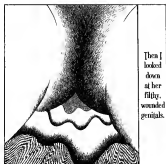
At the time,
[had no idea
what I was
witnessing.



I stood
before
her.

I
looked
down
on her.





Then I
looked
down
at her
filthy,
wounded
genitals.



Her face
was swollen
and blood
ran from
her nose.

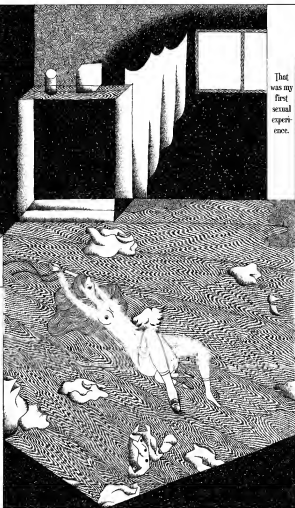


I felt
some-
thing
I had
never
felt
before.



That
was my
first
sexual
experi-
ence.

And it
would
influence
all my
later
sexual
encoun-
ters.





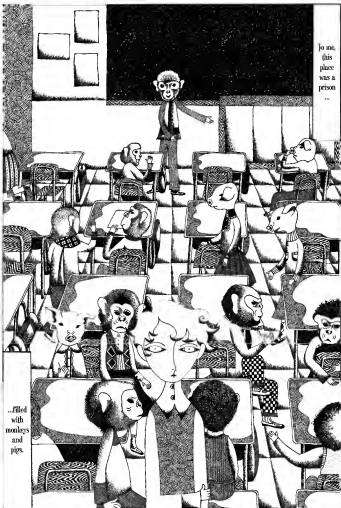
Chapter 4

Prey

I was in
upper
elementary
school.

My parents
were surprised
and pleased
that their child,
who had once
been considered
possibly
autistic, was
doing fine in a
public school.

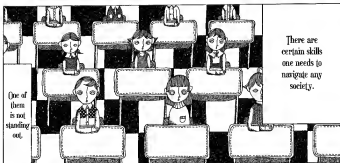
To me,
this
place
was a
prison



...filled
with
monkeys
and
pigs.



I determined
that this place
had absolutely
nothing to do
with me.



(One of
them
is not
standing
out.)

There are
certain skills
one needs to
navigate any
society.



The
trick is
to be
average.

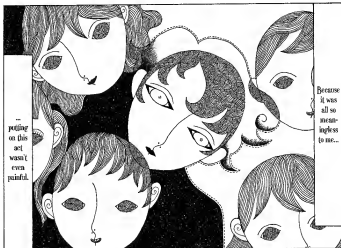
But it's not
enough to just
sit quietly. In
fact, that can
often have the
opposite effect.





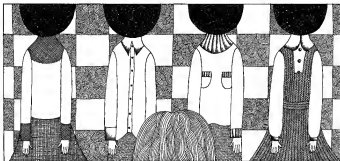
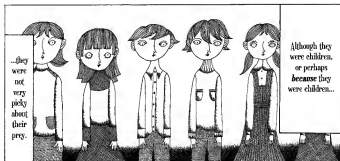
...from
this
society.

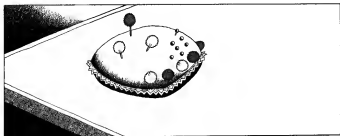
I honed
these skills
in order to
distance
myself...

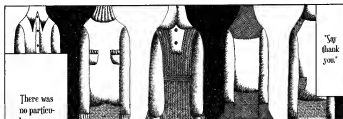
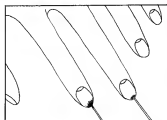
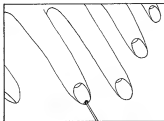


...
putting
on this
act
wasn't
even
painful.

Because
it was
all so
mean-
ingless
to me...

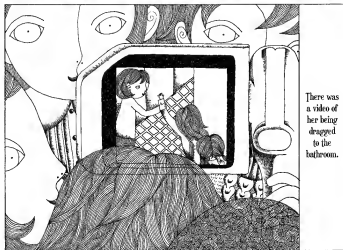
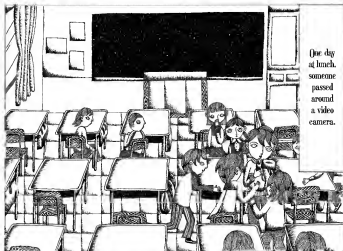


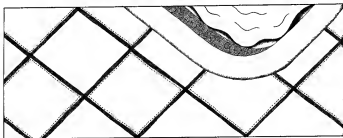


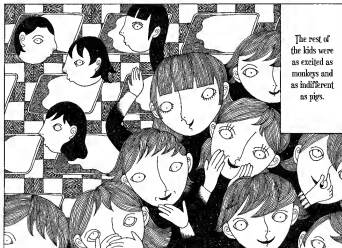


There was
no particu-
lar reason,
just that this
girl did not
have the
skills to
navigate
children's
society.

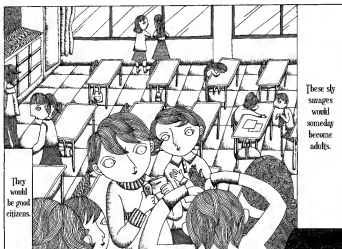








The rest of
the kids were
as excited as
monkeys and
as indifferent
as pigs.



They
would
be good
citizens.

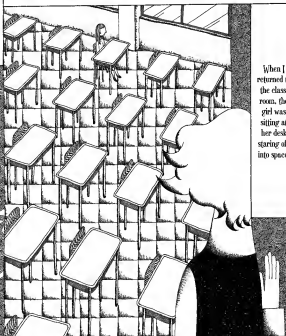
These sly
snakes
would
someday
become
adults.

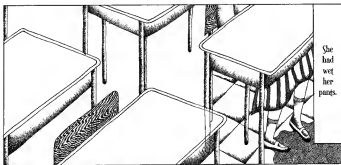
...I stayed late to help the teacher with something or other.

That day after school ...



When I returned to the classroom, the girl was sitting at her desk staring off into space.



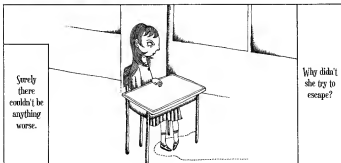


She
had
wet
her
pants.



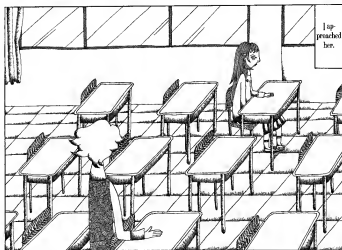
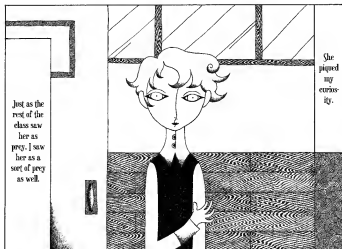
Instead
her
face
was
blank.

Her fear
was so
great no
expression
could
convey the
extent of it.



Surely
there
couldn't be
anything
worse.

Why didn't
she try to
escape?





Chapter 5

The First Murder





It was situated so that the students would find it before the teachers did.

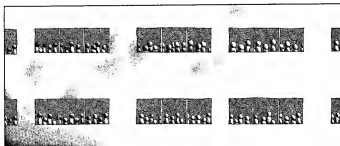
That morning, the corpse was left in the open area behind the gym.

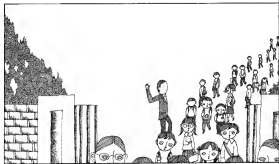
There were no loud, noisy children here.

And that is indeed what happened. The children formed a circle around it.

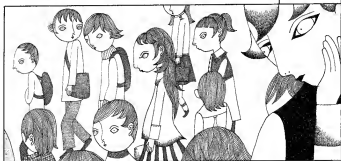
Fear ruled the day.

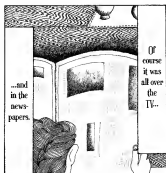
They all stood silently as if taking part in some solemn ceremony.





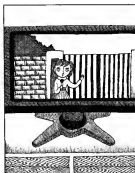
Aside from the few who first discovered the body, the rest of the students were sent home early.



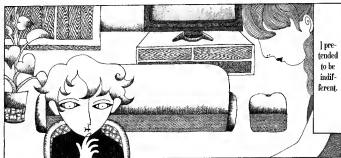


...and in the newspapers.

Of course it was all over the TV..



School was closed for a while.



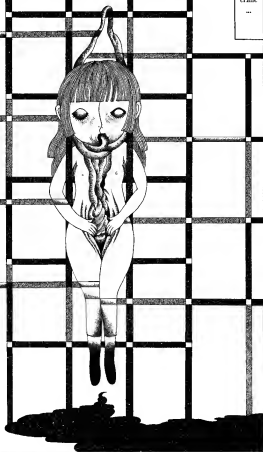
I pretended to be indifferent.



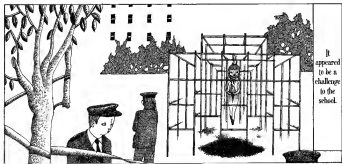
...I really was indifferent.

No...

The
second
crime
...



...took place
in a nearby
park the
day after
we returned
to school.

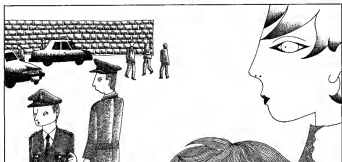


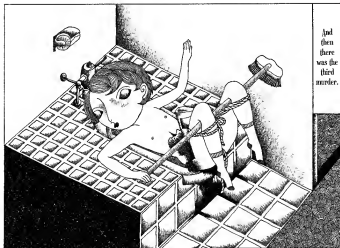
It appeared to be a challenge to the school.



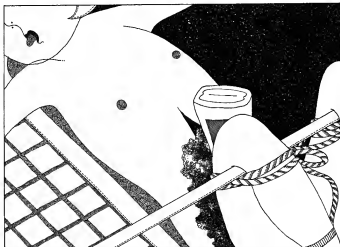
That was all those pathetic adults could come up with.

Cameras were set up all over the school.





And
then
there
was
the
third
murder.



This was the work of a perverted serial killer.

Society had made up its mind.

This was the work of a perverted serial killer.

Society had made up its mind.

...but not a single one mentioned the fact that the victim's anus was thoroughly violated.

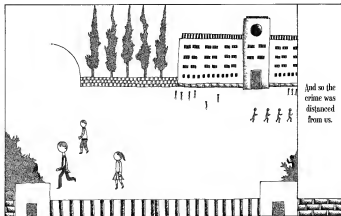


Reports were quite detailed...

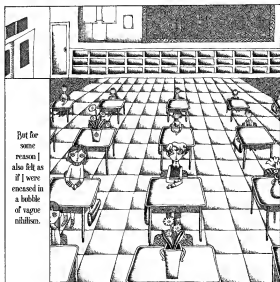
...but not a single one mentioned the fact that the victim's anus was thoroughly violated.



Reports were quite detailed...



And so the
crime was
distanced
from us.



But for
some
reason I
also felt as
if I were
encased in
a bubble
of vague
nihilism.

Children are
always viewed
as victims.
That was part
of my plan,
and it made
me feel rather
omnipotent.



One day
as I was
walking
along the
embank-
ment...



...I felt
someone's
presence
and turned
to see that
girl behind
me.



I
stopped.



We
hadn't
spoken
since
that day.



She
caught
up with
me and
stopped,
too.



"There's no
one who
wasn't
involved."

"You killed
someone
who wasn't
involved."



"Why?"

"Please
stop."



"Because
it has
nothing
to do
with
me."

"How
can
you be
sure?"



"No. I
won't.
I'm sure
of it."

"You'll
get
caught."



"You
won't.
I'm sure
of it."



"What
if I
tell?"



She
looked up
at me.

"You're
right."



...and
practi-
cally
skipped
away.

And then
she
grinned...



It was
the first
time I'd
seen her
smile.





Chapter 6

Boys



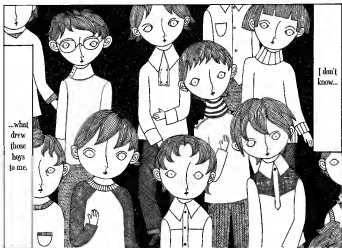
Our
hangout
was an
old
abandoned
factory
outside
of town.



I was
four-
teen.

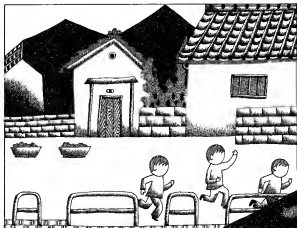


There were
twelve
fifth- and
sixth-grade
boys who
hung
around
with me.



...what
drew
those
boys
to me.

I don't
know...



Years had passed since the "incident" and no one spoke of it anymore.

It was as if the whole town was determined to erase it from their collective memory.



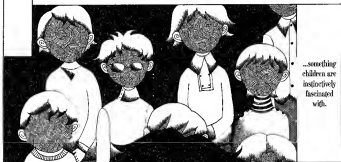


...but they definitely sensed something in me...

...had no way of knowing --



Of course these kids...



...something children are instinctively fascinated with.



That something was death.

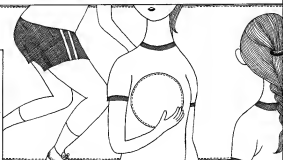


I didn't like
interacting
with my
peers.

Although
I was going
through
puberty,
I had no
interest
in girls.



...of
their
grossly
swelling
chests.



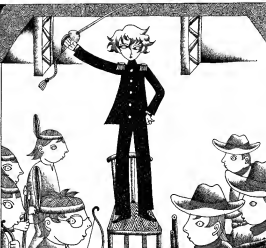
I felt
only
disgust
at the
sight...

Often it
was a
game of
cowboys
and
Indians.

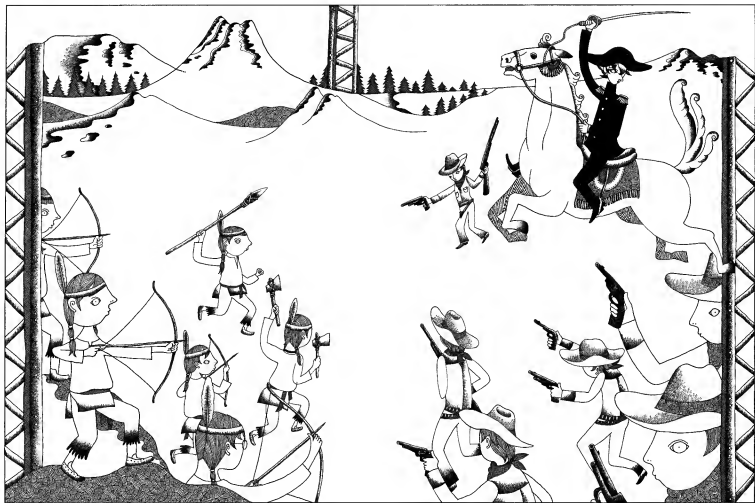


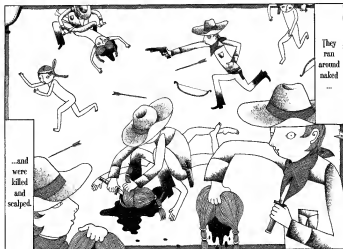
I enjoyed
spending
an hour or
two after
school
watching
these
children
play.

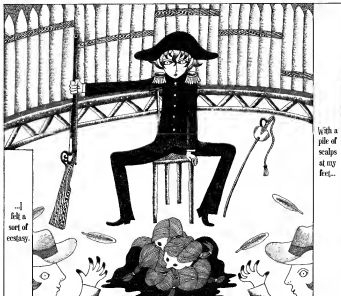
Of
course I
was the
leader
of the
cowboys.

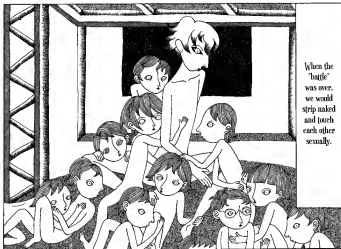


I would
divide the
twelve boys
into two
groups of
six, one
of cowboys
and one
of Indians,
and make
them kill
each other.







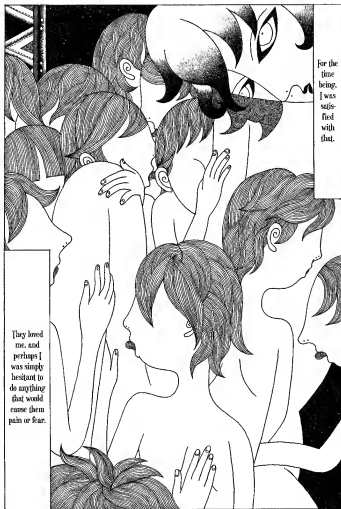


When the
"battle"
was over,
we would
strip naked
and touch
each other
sexually.



...but
everyone
was most
definitely
sexually
aroused.

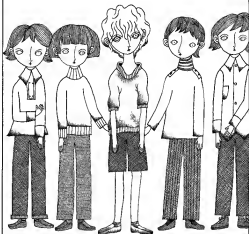
It was
never
more
than
innocent
touching
...



For the
time
being,
I was satis-
fied
with
that.

They loved
me, and
perhaps I
was simply
hesitant to
do anything
that would
cause them
pain or fear.

"We found him by the train station. He says he's hungry and wants to be our friend."



One day they brought a new boy to me.

...his slim body not yet that of a man.



The boy was dirty yet beautiful...

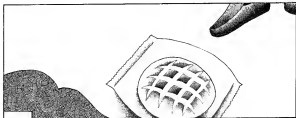
"He said he ran away from home. It's been a week, but his parents aren't even looking for him. They haven't called or texted or anything."



He nodded silently.



"Are you hungry?" I asked him.



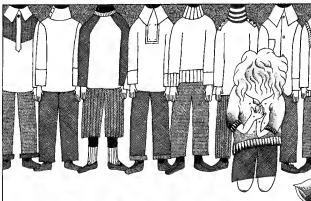
I threw a roll at his feet.

He crouched down and gobbled it up.



"Did your
parents
abandon
you?"

"Did
they
abandon
you?"



He
didn't
answer,
just
con-
tinued
eating.



Chapter 7

Holy Communion



To be honest,
I fully under-
stood what I
was to him at
that moment.





...to
resist.

He
com-
pletely
lost
the
will...



Good
bye.

Accept
me.



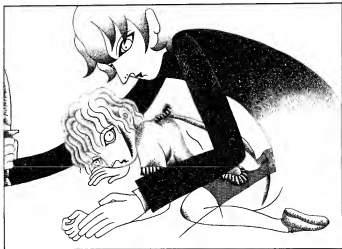
That's
right.



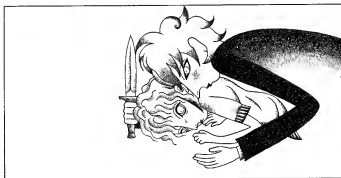
...to
decide.

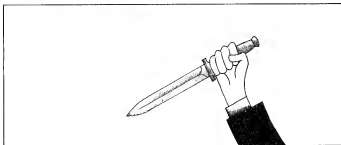
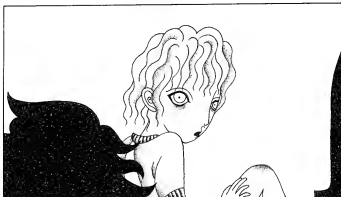
I will
be the
one...















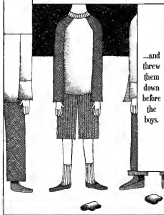


It was
nothing
less than a
religious
ceremony.



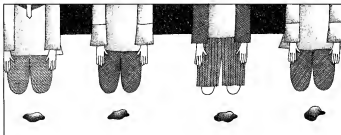
The other
boys watched
in silence.

...and
threw
them
down
before
the
boys.



[cut
off
chunks
...]

...of his
defiled
back-
side...



Est
It's
bread.





In the
mixture of
blood and
shit and
semen
and flesh,
something
new was
born.

They
devoured
the
flesh
with
tears
running
down
their
faces.



We
chopped
his body up
and buried
it in the
woods.

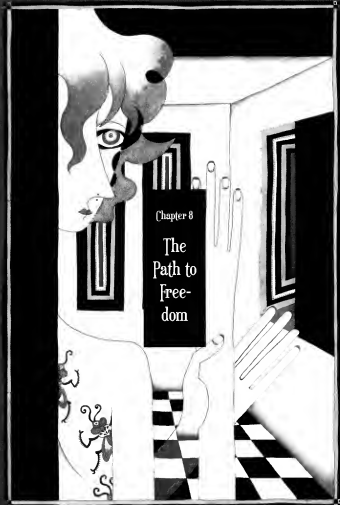


The
boys
dug in
silence.



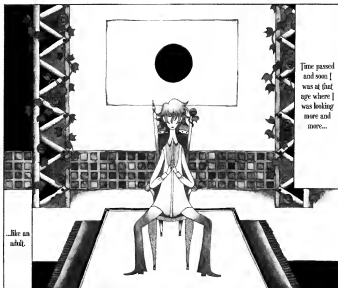
And I felt
something
crystallize
within me.
It was an
awakening,
or perhaps
a new deter-
mination.

I became
aware of my
influence
and desired
to make
use of it.



Chapter 8

The
Path to
Free-
dom





They
accepted
me.

Since that day, our
relationship had taken
a pronounced turn.
For one thing, our
sexual encounters
became more direct.



And I
accepted
them.



And
so...

The other thing
was that we
were no longer
satisfied by
simply playing
at murder.



We at first
began
attacking
vagrants.
It was
surprisingly
easy.

...
glittered
with
blood-
lust
in the
dark-
ness.



I loved
the way
the boys'
eyes...





...we
killed
several
vagrants.



Carefully
varying
the times,
locations,
and
methods...

Society showed no
interest, either.
The same people who'd
made such a fuss over
a handful of dead
children couldn't care
less if every last filthy
outcast was murdered.



As I had anticipated,
the police hardly
pursued the cases.
They went through
the motions of an
investigation, but in
the end put it all
down to infighting
between vagrants.



I hated
society's
uprightness.



This is
how we
did it.

Next we
began
attacking
random
passersby.
It was
surprisingly
easy.



Stab them
right
through
the heart
so there
wouldn't
be any
struggle.

Preferably
an ordinary
salaryman
or housewife.



Find
someone
walking
alone.



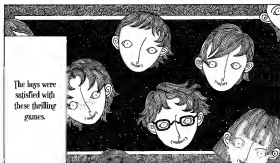
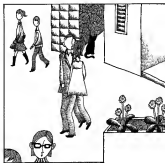
That's
it.

Then walk
away as if
nothing
happened.



Be aware that the
heart is not, as is
so often said, on
the left, but rather
in the center, just
above the solar
plexus, and leave
the knife in place.





The boys were
satisfied with
these thrilling
games.

Not a single
one of us was
caught. The
police were
powerless in
the face of
these unmoti-
vated and
unrelated
murders.



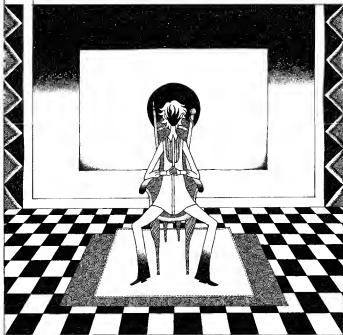
And I knew
exactly
what that
something
was.

But I alone
felt some-
thing was
missing.

I was
no ordi-
nary
mur-
derer.



'free-
dom'
and
'clarity.'



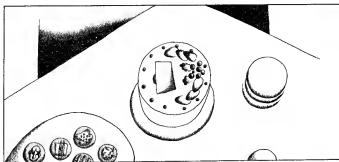
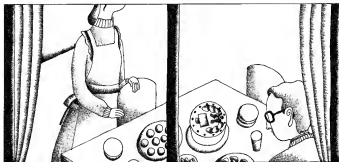
I decided to kill
my parents,
not because
I had anything
against them,
but because
I needed absolute
freedom.



I ordered the
boys to do it.
It was not that I
hesitated to kill
my own parents,
but simply that
like the other
murders, there
must be no
reason, no goal,
no connection.

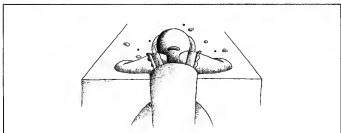
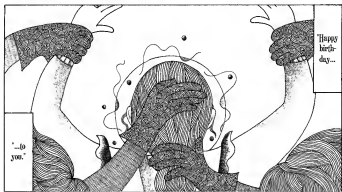
I took
that
rule
seriously.

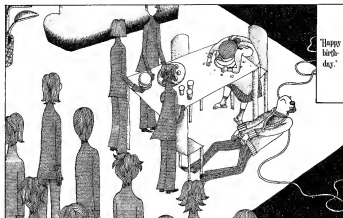










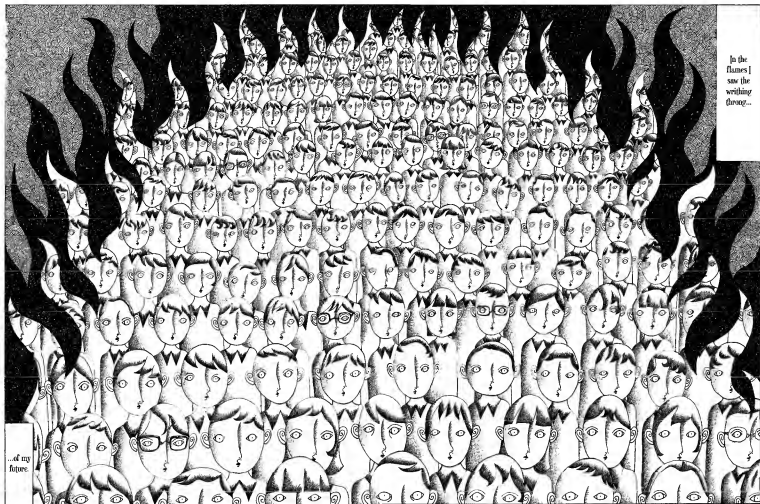




When I got
home, my
house was
burning.

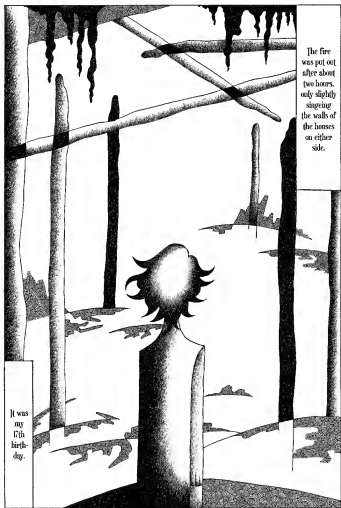






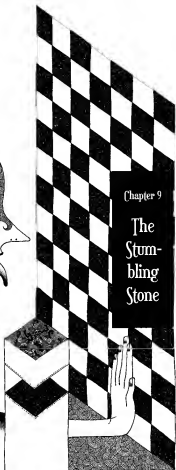
...of my
future.

In the
flames I
saw the
writhing
thrung...



The fire
was put out
after about
two hours,
only slightly
singeing
the walls of
the houses
on either
side.

It was
my
17th
birth-
day.



Chapter 9

The Stum- bling Stone





Because of that,
I escaped having
to do anything as
meaningless and
worthless as labor.
I was grateful to
my parents.

My parents left
behind a large life
insurance policy
and inheritance.
It was more than
enough to live off
as I grew up.



...but
it felt
so far
away.

...after
killing
my parents
--



But for some
reason I felt
I was at an
impasse.
I wanted to
proceed to
the next
stage...

...I was vaguely aware that I would have to dirty my hands.



Whether my figure lay in politics or religion...

I had lost my momentum and direction.



But I was bored by my choices.

"I was just wishing humanity would be wiped out soon."
"Yeah."



"What's the matter?"
"Nothing, just..."
"Just what?"



Then one
day he
stood
before
me.

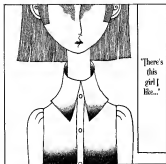


...and
his
whole
body
shook
with
fear.

His
beau-
ti-
ful face
was as
pale as
ashes...

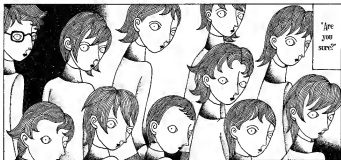


"You
want to
leave
the
group?
Why?"





He
practi-
cally
ran
away.



"Are
you
sure?"

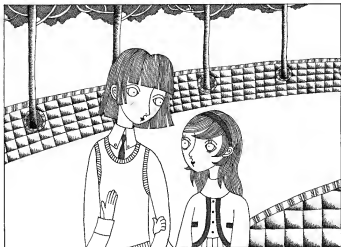


"We do
not
chase
those
who
wish to
leave."



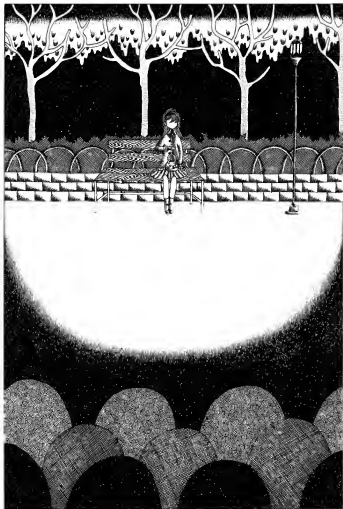
"I'm
sure."

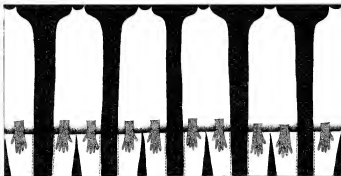
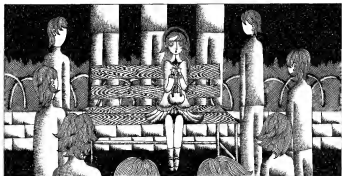


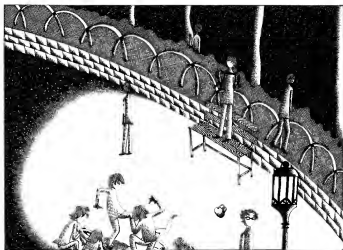
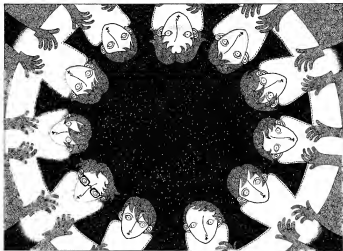


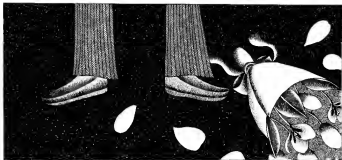
















Chapter 10

Judas



"Murders
with no
reason,
no goal,
and no
exon-
eration."



I was a fool.
I broke my
own rule.



...so
foolish.



I knew
what it was
that had
made me...

Since the world began, there was one emotion that enveloped me like a membrane, so constant that I wasn't even consciously aware of it.

"Fear."

I felt as if a part of my very body had been cut off.

And into that wound flowed the "world"...

...the "world" that I most hated..

...and most feared.

...it
was
unbear-
able
to me.



Having
previously
been kept
safe by my
membrane
of fear...



I felt
myself
being
violated.

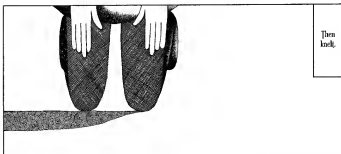
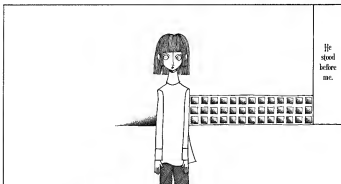
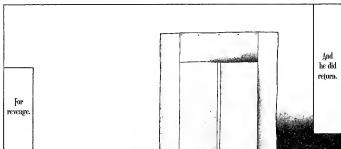
It was
too late.
I was at
a dead
end.

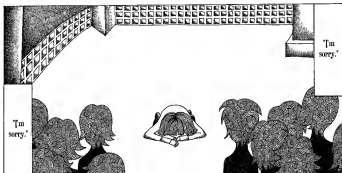


It was not that he
betrayed me, nor
that I betrayed him.
It was that my
emotions betrayed
my logic.

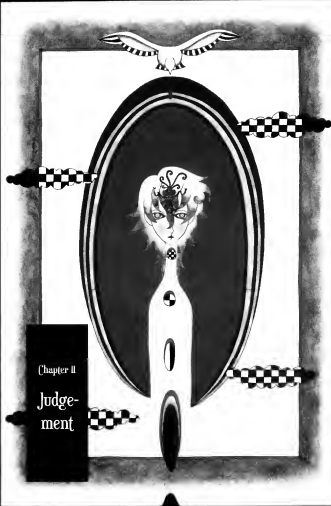
I
punished
the girl.

Why did
I not kill
him?
[Did I
hope he
would
return
to me?



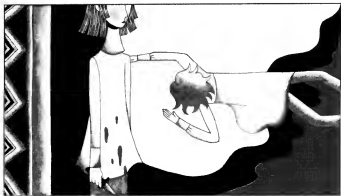




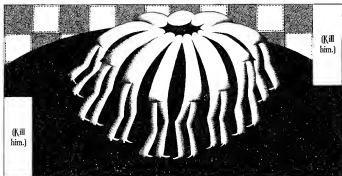


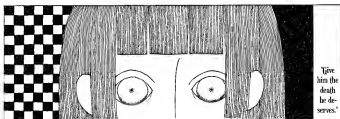
Chapter II

Judge-
ment

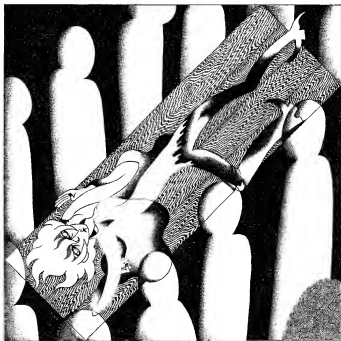
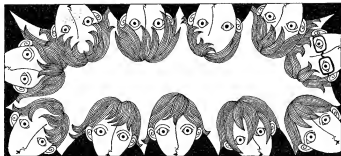


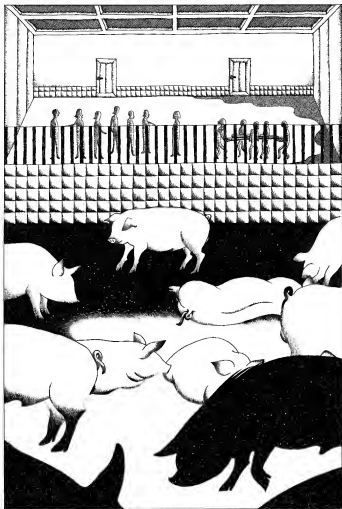




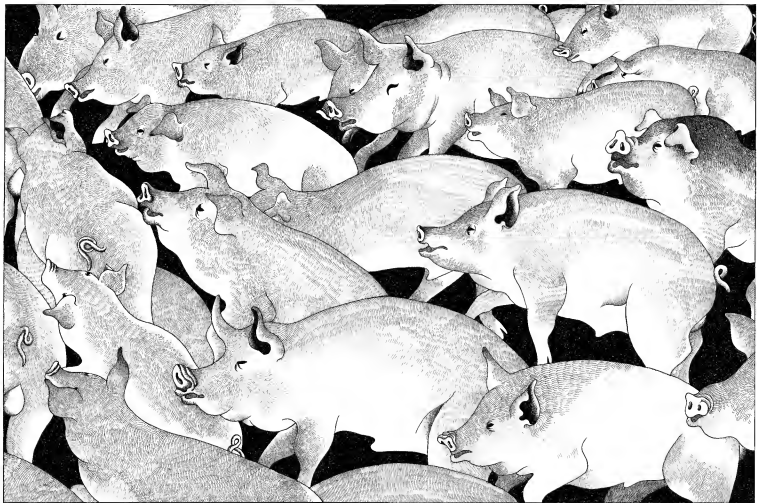


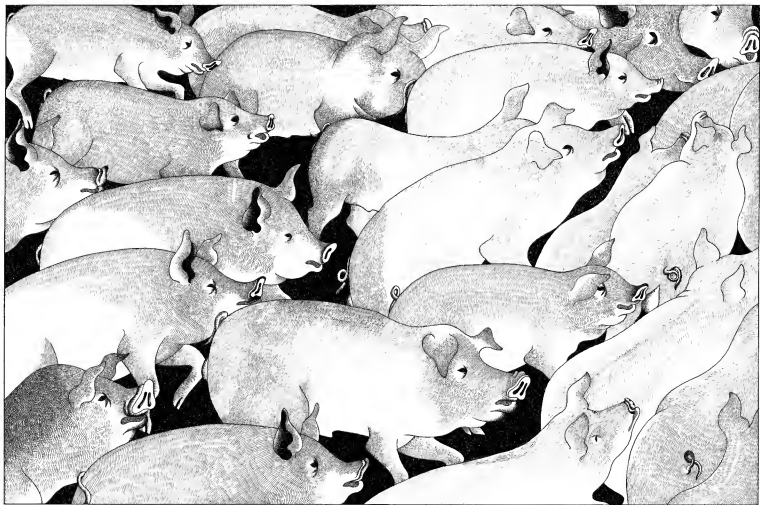














Humanity
should
probably
rejoice that
my life ended
like this.

But you
mustn't get
careless. I
will always be
reborn again
somewhere.

END

